THE

WORLD

TURN'D

UPSIDE DOWN,

OR, THE

FOLLY of MAN;

EXEMPLEFIED

In Twelve comical Relations.

UPON

Uncommon SUBJECTS.

Illustrated with Twelve curious CUTS, truly adapted to each Story

Printed and Sold in Aldermary Church Yard

THE WORLD turned Upſide-Down.

PHILOSOPHERS of old will tell us,
As Tycho and ſuch merry fellows,
That round this habitable ball
The beamy ſun does yearly fall,
While we like nave of charriot wheel,
Keep rowling in the ceuter ſtill.
But modern ſtargazers of late
Aſſign the ſun a better fate;
And plain as can be point it out,
That we it is go round about;
With all the new form'd worlds that float
In ſeas and air without a boat:
Whirl'd by that tuning Planet's force,
Around his orb in conſtant courſe,
No wonder then if ſometimes we
Perceive a great variety.

If ſometimes this huge ball is found,
By chance of place Turn'd Upſide-down;
If revolutions ſtrange appear
Within the compaſs of the ſphere:
If men and things ſucceſſion know,
Since, by confeſſion of the learned,
Who have the ſame by art diſcerned,
It is allow'd the world we live in
Is always round the ſun a falling;
Hence it is we ſee a thouſand things
Experience to our knowledge brings:
And art than nature wiſer grown,
Turns every object upſide-down.
Whims epidemic take their riſe,
And conſtancy becomes a vice.
He that to-day is fortunate,
The darling minion of his fate,
To-morrow feels his fate's diſpleaſure,
Spoil'd his hoarded Idol treaſure.
And like this man this emblem ſhews,
A ſudden revolution knows.
His fortune grows profoundly ſcurvy,
Turns the poor earth-worms topſy-turvy,
Becomes the tennis ball of fools,
Things form'd quite out of nature's rules,
Such as you ſee like Atlaſs bear
Upon their çaces this mighty ſphere.
The young, the old, the middle aged,
Are all in this great taſk engaged,
And ſtrive with wond'rous eagerneſs,
Which ſhall the greateſt part poſſeſs.
Since folly then has got the aſcendant,
He's moſt a fool that han't a hand in't,
And as the mad brim'd world runs round
Still keeps towards the riſing ground.

The OX turned FARMER.

IN days of yore, e're lordly man
The empire of the world began;
Ere pride with policy combining,
Set the triumphant wretch a ſhining,
And under reaſon's ſpecious glare,
Taught him at ſovereign rule to dare,
In rich Theſſalia's fertile fields,
Where Nature yearly treaſure yields,
A ſturdy Ox of good repute,
For ſuch a horned ruſtic brute,
Kept a large farm and graz'd his own,
As all his anceſtors had done:
Horſes he had for pad and cart,
With which he kept each neighbouring mart.
Swine, turkeys, geeſe, and all that crew,
Which in rich farmers yards we view;
And what was ſtrange, this Ox maintain'd
Two lufty ſtriplings he had train'd
Up from their infancy to draw
In tempeſt geer the weighty plow.

One

One day this Ox like careful hind,
Gets up betimes his farm to mind,
Yokes his two louts and out he goes,
To plow his land as I ſuppoſe
The ſtriplings tir'd reſent his blows,
And with whole peals of ratling oaths,
Accuſe the Ox of cruelty,
For that the ground was hard and dry,
The plow too was of ſuch a weight
As for their ſtrength was far too great,
Yet he expected them to draw,
As if it had been a lighter plow;
Which was impoſſible, nor would they
Be harraſs'd ſo from day to day:
The Ox deliberately wiſe,
Thus to the ruſticks plaint replies.
Hark ye, quoth he, you now complain
Ungrateful Caitiffs but in vain,
Do not I feed and cloath you well?
And would you gracelesly rebel?
If ſo humble your high mind.
I'll take good care you ſoon ſhall find,
With Peaſe ſtraw, wiſp and barley pottage,
I'll cure you preſently of your dotage.
Remember Sirs, the other day,
When human nature bore the ſway,
No mercy to my brothers you
At any time would kindly ſhew,
But ſome ye beat and ſome ye ſlew.
Nay I myſelf the marks do bear,
Of human ſage inhumanly ſevere,
Then till mankind will milder be,
And uſe to us leſs cruelty,
Expect no mecy at my hand,
So hoit-ge-eo come plow my land.

The Old SOLDIER turned NURSE.

DELBO, a ſoldier old and brave,
When drawing nigh towards the grave
Began to think of peaceful wars,
Such as we call domeſtick Jars;
To leave the wretched trade of roving,
And tho' grown to an age paſt loving,
Ventures on Wedlock Then no more
He'd help to curb the Gallic po'wre,
Tho' five and thirty years he'd been
Dragooner, Trooper, or Mariue.
But Love alas! had now got hold
Of this ſame hero's heart ſo beld,
Virago Sue! the ſultei's daughter,
had made his wrinkled chops to water:
Have her he would, he ſwore like thunder,
For that he lov,d her more than plunder,
Plundar! the ſoldier's darling gain,
Glorious reward of martial pain.
Yet matchleſs Sue was more than all,
The very Idol of his ſoul!

She who ſome months before had been
With a Jolly blade a frolicking,
Found it convenient to be wed
Before ſhe ſhould be brough to bed.
And who as fit as Delbo was
To make the matrimonial aſs?
To ſhorten then the comic ſtory,
To Delæo's everlaſting glory,
Marry'd they were, and for a while,
Hymen appear'd to wear a ſmile,
My dear my love was all their greeting,
He was her Dilly ſhe his Sweeting;
Till time that wonder working thing,
Did to his Joys a period bring,
In the fifth month as 'tis related,
(For who can ſtand 'gainſt what is fated)
Frolickſome Sue began to cry,
The midwife came, when preſently
As ever hawke was like a hznd-ſaw,
Or hornee bull a harmleſs ganza.
He pleaſ'd to ſee his copy'd ſelf,
Wept for great joy o,er the young elf:
Dandles the baby up and down,
As if't had really been his own.
Sue's month being up, warm weather come,
She leaves her horned fool at home,
To nurſe the brat and rock the cradle.
And mind teat Dolly's pap is made well,
A diſtaff in his hand ſhe places,
Herſelf with gun and ſword ſhe graces,
Threatens his head if he deny
To take care of his family;
Then roves about to meet her bully,
And laughs at the uxorious cully,

The Reward of Roguery; or the roaſted COOK.

ONCE on a time, ſome while ago,
Perhaps a thouſand years or ſo,
A Cook there dwelt, of greaſy hue,
As e'er was offer'd to our view,
In pudding ſtreet, near mutton Lane,
Who was a knave in very grain;
Of Beggars ſcraps would make minc'd pies,
Inſtead of currants cram'd with flies;
Dead colt inſtead of veniſon roaſt,
And mutton found before 'twas loſt.
Some ſay he'd ſteal the ſheep alive,
As the moſt likely way to thrive:
For he'd alledge, as I have heard,
That he no death like hanging fear'd.
Not of himſelf a mutton ſtealing
Would go, but have a fellow feeling:
For every Sunday after ſervice,
He and his prentice, honeſt Jervis,
Would take a walk for conſcience ſake,
And drink a mug, and eat a cake.
And when 'twas darkiſh, walking home
From Tottenham court, to Marybone,

As

As paſſing by ſome farmers yard,
With Tray the Spanniel for his guard,
A fowl or duck or ſome ſuch thing;
Wiſely forecaſting by that means,
Like thriſty to encreaſe his gains.
Thus many years our cook went on,
Grew rich as many more have done,
But one day rambling out too far,
To an old houſe to ſteal ſome cheer,
Tray left at home, he went alone,
Like a Welſh ſaint for the marrow-bone;
Oft he before had took from thence,
Tame Rabbits, Turkeys, Geeſe, and hens,
But now they being on their guard,
Soon as he came into the yard,
Ruſh from their ſecret Ambuſcade
In a full body on the blade,
Soon take him priſoner, and declare,
That he muſt die by right of war,
In his own way they ſoon determine,
To extirpate this human vermin.
Accordingly the turkey makes
A rouſing fire of rotten ſtakes;
The rabbit reaches down the Spit,
For Rump of Beef at Chriſtmas fit.
And now like prey of mighty ſize,
Our honeſt cook a roaſting lies,
The active cook to ſhew his zeal
Amidſt his country's common weal,
Takes the braſs ladle quickly down,
And baſtes the meat as it runs round;
Thus every one would put their hand
Some mind the Jack, the fire ſome mend,
'Till their roaſt being almoſt done,
Away the cooks were forc'd to run,
So ſtrong a ſcent his fat did ſend,
They ſwore the devil it might end.

The DUEL of the PALFEYS

FAR North, the Atlantic ſhas,
A ſpacious fertile iſle there is:
Some call it one name ſome another,
And ſome Hiſtorians make a pother,
If ſuch an iſland's in the main,
Or any where but in my brain;
But whethee 'tis or 'tis not ſo,
This for a certaiety I know,
That to my preſent purpoſe 'tis
Convenient I ſhould ſay there is,
For in this iſland cuſtoms reign,
Not known in any place again:
Here men obey and horſes rule,
And wiſdom often plays the fool:
Maids children get before they marry,
To rraſon equity and law;
As if dame nature had a flaw,
Or was diſpoſed to ſhew ſome tricks,
Would puzzle modern politicks

'Twas

'Twas if you will believe me do,
For to be ſure 'tis very true;
Two horſes of enchanting features,
For ſuch four footed ramping creatures,
Courted a maiden Filly Foal,
Who lov'd them both poor filly ſoul!
And like a Covent Garden Madam,
With two frail ſons of ſinful Adam,
Would each by turns their fav'rite make,
One was a Beau t'other a Rake.
By chance one day theſe lovers came
To ſee this young coquetiſh dame,
Whe Beau look'd big and curl'd his main,
And cock'd his ſtreaming tail amain:
The Rake unmindful of his rival,
Took the young filly by the bridle.
And with love and beauty warm'd,
Would fain her citadel have ſtorm'd:
This fight the other could not bear,
But now began to ſweat and ſwear.
At laſt their fury being high,
It was reſolv'd that one ſhould die,
In ſingle combat 'twas agreed
One of the two ſhould ſurely bleed.
The place appointed and the hour,
Next morning at the hour of four:
Accordingly the time being come,
Each mounted on a ſturdy groom,
Enter'd the liſt with lance in hand,
And ſtrongly at each other ran.
Wtih furious rage they paſs and parry,
,Till with the combat being weary,
Like two young human fools agree,
That filly ſhall in common be,
Then put their weapons up again,
And on their grooms ſcour o'er the plain
As if they'd each their rival ſlain.

The Mad SQUIRE, Or Fatal Hunting.

ONCE on a time when Pigs could ſpeak,
Latin, and French, and learned Greek,
Down in the country, far from town,
A Squire there liv'd of hige renown,
Who often would a hunting go,
To kill a buck or fearful doe:
Hares without number he would ſlay,
And foxes were his daily prey.
His hounds continually were out,
He did not live a day without
Hunting and hawking or ſuch ſport,
To make the tedious hours ſeem ſhort;
While his poor lady ſigh'd in vain,
His heart from theſe ſad ſports to gain,
That in a morning ſoon as day,
Took from her arms her ſpouſe away.
A thouſand ways ſhe ſtrove to win him,
But ſtill as if the devil was in him,
Soon as the morning came he roſe,
And as he us'd to ſporting goes.

Sounds

Sounds his ſhri l horn, the wood reſounds
The charming muſic of his hounds
Farewel my dear, farewel thy charms,
Farewel my dear again he cry'd,
After my ſport I muſt go ride.
Thus ſlighted long, his wife at laſt
Reſolves no more her hours to waſte,
Soon as her lord was gone from home,
Admits a lacquey in his room,
Luſty and ſtrong, for pleaſure made,
A tender amorous nimble blade.
One morning after dalliance paſt,
Faſt in each other's arms embrac'd
Theſe lovers lay, when from his game
The ſquire to ſee his lady came,
Some ſay he had an intimation
Of his Lady's love for propagation,
And that his youngeſt Son nam'd Jackey,
Was but the offspring of his lacquey,
Enrag'd to find the matter true,
What does he in his paſſion do,
But ſtabs them both as in the bed
They thus were amorouſly laid,
His reaſon loſt, he raving flies,
And fills the vallies with his cries,
O'er hills and dales with fury rides,
Sometimes the rapid ſtream divides,
Fancies the timorous hare he ſees,
Skimming the ſurface of the Seas;
Sometimes he'd for his angle cry,
To catch the fiſh which ſeemed to fly.
Floating in air as his weak brain,
To his ſick fancy paints in vain,
Thus wild his wretched days he ſpends,
'Till death his life and madneſs.

The OX turned BUTCHER.

TO prove the maſter now in hand,
That Nature's at a ſort of ſtand,
Or rather as our title ſays,
Turn,d toyſy-turvy now a-days:
Beſide what I've already told,
Another tale I ſhall unfold.
Concerning that ſame Ox you know,
Who kept two leds to draw tee plow,
As in the ſecond chapteu I
Have briefly ſung harmoniouſly,
This is the Ox (to,,t muſt be he
Could deal ſo with humanity,
One day to market went to bny
A joint of meat call'd calves head fry;
Not ſuch calves as do on four legs go,
But that two-legged calf a Beau.
One he ſpies lying on the ſhamble,
Which without any more preamble,
He boldly ſeiz'd on for his own,
And lays the butcher two-pence down.

Hold

"Hold, Goodman Ox the butcher cries,
I can't afford it at the price.
How, ſays the Ox, you ſon of a whore,
Was ever head of Beau wooth more?
But ſays the butcher on my life,
The turkey merchant's handſome wife
That came from t'other end of the town,
And now is ready to lie down,
Beſpoke it t'otoer day to ſave
Her longing, and the head ſhe'll have.
The ſturæy Ox in ſullen mood,
Thinking the butcher ſomething rude,
Reply'd 'Een let her have it then,
The horns and all for her good man;
But doó thou teink ill-natur'd ſiuner,
That I'll be chouſ'd thus of my dinner,
No, by the calves of Bethel I,
Thoſe objects of idolatry
To men ungrateful men do vow,
I'll take my ample vengeance now,
A head I'll have, a calve's head too,
And thou thy ſaucy tongue ſhall rue.
No ſooner had he ſpoke his mind,
But ſeizing the poor wretch behind
With hempen cord he bound his legs,
And hung his heels upon two pegs,
Himſelf in linnen apron clad,
As if he'd been a butcher bred:
Cleauer at hand and ſteel at ſide,
The butcher's place he ſoon ſupply'd,
And as old muſty records tell,
Perform'd his buſineſs very well;
Flead him and then cut up the carcaſe,
Teo' faith the butcher had a hard caſe,
Chuſes his pieces, and at home
Laugh'd in his ſleeve at what he'd done.

GALLANTRY A-LA-MODE: or the LOVERS catched by the COCK.

JENNY, the noted toaſt of the town.
The Wedlock Pill had ſwallow'd down,
Marry'd by force againſt her will,
A Miſer's wither'd arms to fill!
A wretch ſhe hated more than age,
Or than fanaticks do the ſtage.
Her blooming age was juſt fifteen,
Her temper amorous, gay, and vain:
Her perſon beautiful; her wit
For repartee or billet fit.
Thus furniſh d out for love's gay Joys,
She her old dotard muſt deſpiſe;
A gay young lover ſhe muſt get,
Who for her years and temper's fit.
Clody a raſh young rakiſh fellow,
Always in love or always mellow,
With ſword, peruke, ſnuff box, and Cane.
And all the rigging of the vian;
Equipt like any playhouſe ninny,
Makes his addreſs to Madam Jenny

She with a bluſh of mighty joy,
Conſents to hear the amorous boy,
Helps him to rail againſt old age,
In broken couplets from the ſtage,
And ſoon as he his ſuit could move,
The wanton ſlut pronounc'd, I love.
What follows after ſuch confeſſion,
Judge ye who are of that profeſſion.
In ſhort, I heard it by the by,
Jenny and Cloddy try'd the joy,
Which all young women do delight in;
Sutely 'tis ſomething moſt inviting:
Elſe young and old, and rich and poor,
Would ne'er ſo love to play the whore.
But ſo it was, as one time they,
Under a tree paſt time away,
An old and faithful Cock, who then
Could act and ſpeak as well as men,
Gave notice to the hopeleſs miſer,
That if he would he might ſurpriſe her.
With eager jealouſy he flew,
Where all his grief and ſhame he knew,
He ſaw dear Jenny and her ſpark,
I think he was ſome lawyer's clerk.
The Cock who brought them there, to be
Reveng'd at once upon all three,
For that the very other day,
The took his favorite hen away,
To boil with bacon at a feaſt,
Now pays them for their cruel jeſt.
Spreading a net by them unſeen,
He took the thoughtleſs lovers in;
Shewing the folly of the mind
To all the winged feather'd kind.

Honeſt ASS and Rogniſh MILLER.

A Thrifty Miiller on my ſoul,
As ever liv'd by taking toll
Whoſe honeſt heart was ſo precile,
It ne'er would let him take it twice;
For that he was, as I've been told,
A Preſbyterian brave and bold,
Who, tho' they won't i'th' common way
Lie, Steal, or ſweas, as people ſay,
Will in a covert way do evil,
And out-equiſocato the devil,
Yet he'd a bowl of mighty ſize,
Held more at once than others twice,
Did keep, which by his Prentice boy,
He ſtill would chooſe to occupy,
That ſo he ſafely might proteſt,
He ne'er had ſtole his neighbour's grift,
But in the midſt of ſordid gain,
Preſerve his ſoul without a ſtain.
Thus many years he paſs'd away,
His bags grew full, his noddle grey.

Till

'Till as one morning he went down,
To carry meal to the next town,
His loaded Aſs no more could bear,
But tumbled down her burthen there
Quoth ſhe, old fellow, to her maſter,
(He was as mute as Alabaſter)
Know that theſe many years I've been
Spectator to thy unjuſt gain,
And fear I have been adding to
Thy taking what was not thy due;
Which ſcruples make me now declare
That I no more thy whip will bear,
But ſince the world's turn'd Upſide Down,
I'll make thee carry to the town
The meal thyſelf, With that he laid
The burthen on the antient blade,
And whip'd him on thro thick and thin,

The HORSE turned GROOM.

YOU'VE often read or learn'd at leaſt,
When chattering at ſome country feaſt,
How fam'd Ulyſſes was converted,
(Dame fortune ſure was marble-hearted)

By

By Circe's charms into an aſs,
As he from Troy returning was:
His bold companions too in war,
In the misfortune bore a ſhare;
The ſtouteſt of the crew I think,
For gaming, ſwearing, whores and drink,
And ſuch like acts of noble valour,
Was Hippon a grecian taylor,
He by the witches magic force,
Was metamorphoſed to a horſe;
Settl'd in fair Egyptians plains
And king of horſes proudly reigns;
'Till by ſome faction of the ſtate,
He was at laſt unfortunate,
Turn'd out, dethron'd, and forc'd to fly,
Into another land hard by,
There by mean art to get his bread,
And follow a laborious trade,
Records I think do ſomething err,
Or elſe he was a farrier.
In a country town a ſhop he took,
Which towards the common road did look,
That paſſengers as coming by,
If they had work, might him employ;
Another horſe too he did train,
To be at length his journeyman.
Thus years they follow'd this vocation,
And liv'd in topping reputation,
One day it happen'd there came by,
A human farrier very ſly;
Who aſk'd his brother of the trade,
If aſſes ſhoes were by him made?
Yes, quoth the horſe, and quickly you
For all your haſte ſhall find it true,
Put him in the ſtocks, quoth he, while I
My buſineſs in the forge do ply,
And if he kicks and vicious grows,
Put the great barnacles on his noſe
The ſervant Horſe obey'd the Maſter,
To the poor fellows ſad diſaſter;

For

For Hippon having made a ſhoe
Red-hot, would try if it would do,
To his bars foot did it apply:
While Hippon laughing thus did ſay,
"This, Goodman farrier, is the way,
That we ſhoe aſſes every day."
When thus with ſteel he arm'd his feet,
The ſmith, to make the jeſt complete,
Order'd the journey horſe to lead
The farrier to a ſtall with ſpeed,
And there in truth, (which was his caſe,)
With comb and bruſh did dreſs his carcaſe.
In vain the wretch for pity cry'd,
In vain a thouſand things reply'd;
The farrier horſe, inexorable,
Dragg'd him by force into the ſtable;
They tied the caitiff to the rack,
And curried well his paſſive back,
Took full revenge of all the wrongs
Of ſtocks and barnacles and tongs,
And ſuch like inſtruments of pain,
Which he uſ'd oft againſt the grain.
Till tir'd with currying the blade,
The maſter horſe thus wiſely ſaid;
"Go, tyrant man! and learn from this,
Never to uſe thy power amiſs.
But ſince to you indulgent heaven
Has a ſuperior reaſon given,
Like that to every rank and ſtation:
Or nature, ſhew a wiſe compaſſion."

MVSEVM
BRITAN
NICVM

HAve you not heard old ſtories tell,
That Orpheus once went down to hell
To fetch his wife from that dark place,
Whither ſhe went for want of grace;
Muce like the ſame I will remind,
To have met much of the ſame kind
In Goodman Ovid's ſmart relations
Concernieg monſtrous propogations;
Where he in verſe would ſweetly ſing,
What changees chance to light did bring;
The birds no more flock'd in the air,
But fiſhes then reſorted there;
The pike, the jack, the rout, the cod,
And what whs ſtill extreordinary odd,
Watching o'er ruin'd towns they'd try
To catch at men as they ſwam by;
High elms whoſe tops were loft in aie,
Did Salmon then and fiſhes bear:
Oaks harbour'd Sturgeon and caveer;
A whiting did an eagle ſpy,
Under the water's ſurface fly.

Who

'ho mounted up above the brim,
) take a litrle freſh air in,
ot having been much uſed to ſwim;
'he whiting watch'd the eagle's motion,
nd diving down into the ocean,
lade death the panting eagle's portion.
'here you might ſee an eel mount higher
bove the world than Grantham ſpire;
rmbs hunt fierce lions in the ſea,
ll things are contrariety.

SUN, MOON, STARS, and EARTH tranſpoſed.

FUrther to prove the world is mad,
Or topſy-turvy, that's as bad,
ao many maxims we ſhall find,
Among the race of human kind,
As plainly does our hearts convince
That reaſon, law, and common ſenſe,
Are baniſh'd quite while fraud and rapine
Have caught the wretched creature napping.
And when they'll mend, O heaven knows,
Not yet awhile I may ſuppoſe:
For as one day I walked abroad,
I chanc'd to ſtray into a wood.

Fam'd

Fam'd (as they ſay) for demons ſprights,
And witches rendevous on nights,
One of the tribe I chanc'd to light on,
Which did my trembling ſoul much frighten.
It was a woman old and lean,
As ever picture'd hag was ſeen.
Nigher ſhe drew, and nigher ſtill,
I aſk'd her then what was her will?
She bid me aſk, and then would ſay,
Accordingly I aſk'd the creature,
When this bad world it would grow better?
She groan'd, and ſigh'd, and look'd aghaſt,
As if about to breath her laſt.
"Alas! alas! the witch did cry,
Why doſt thou tempt me, mortal, why?
Till it approaches towr'ds its end,
This wicked world will never mend.
Firſt ſhall the Sun neglect his ſphere,
And on the ſolid earth appear;
The Moon too ſhall deſert the night,
And in the open day give light
From mountain tops, where ſhe ſhall be,
Fix'd like a towering cedar tree;
The ſtars like little fairies ſhall
Around our orb lead up a ball.
And like thoſe creatures in a ring,
Shall in full chorus dance and ſing.
Cities and towns ſhall then appear
With towering caſtles in the air;
Trees, hedges, gardens, ſhall ariſe,
And bloom and flouriſh in the ſkies.
When theſe things their beginning take,
Then all mankind their crimes forſake;
Wiſdom ſhall ſtand in folly's Place,
And the wiſe Fox ſucceed the Aſs.
But as theſe things can never be,
The world and folly will agree,
I fear to long eternity.

FINIS.